

THE REPOSITORY, AND Ladies' Weekly Museum.

BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

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A SHORT, ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[The New-England Republican, a well conducted paper, printed at Danbury, in Connecticut, occasionally exhibits the productions of a periodical writer, who has displayed considerable humour, under the signature of Simon Scraper. His 7th, 8th, and 10th numbers are more serious; and we shall give them to our readers in three papers. Unlike many longer novels, it can have no pernicious tendency; and we are constrained to say it is not unfortunately without the bounds of probability. We will not ask the reader whether it be interesting. *Troy Gazette.*]

It was my intention to present the following tale to my readers, soon after my introduction to them in my present character. I have necessarily delayed it, and trifled away two or three numbers, with little humour, and less profit. I shall offer no comments on the story—not even to assure the ladies that it is a true one. If it prove entertaining and instructive, my utmost wishes are gratified: if not, excuses and explanations will only render it worse.

In the early part of my life, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr Drey, a young gentleman whose family resided in the eastern part of Massachusetts. Friendships formed in early life, though usually ardent, and perhaps sincere, do not always prove so lasting as their first warmth would lead us to expect. Different pursuits lead the parties different ways: their hearts become less susceptible as their years increase, and, chilled by the selfish feelings of Interest, or swelled by Ambition, offer no place for the mild and delicate warmth of friendship. To Mr Drey and myself, however, these remarks by no means apply. Although engaged in the most active commercial pursuits, while *my* life presented little more than a scene of peaceable idleness, he welcomed my annual visits at his house with all the ardent sincerity of youth—When I felt the eager grasp of his hand, I forgot I was growing grey: while ‘the joys of other times’ rose

to my memory in colours almost too vivid to permit the reflection that they were never to return.

Mr Drey married when young. His lady was an accomplished woman; and her disposition amiable beyond most females within the circle of my acquaintance. She *knew* the fashionable world, but *valued* it little: her unequalled powers of pleasing were directed, with the tenderest assiduity, to one object—that of increasing the happiness of her husband. To soften his cares, and add new relish to his pleasures, seemed less her duty, than her delight; and in that ‘mutual intercourse of kind offices,’ arising from a reciprocal desire to please, this worthy couple enjoyed a degree of happiness, which it seemed almost a virtue to envy.

They had two children; one of whom died in early infancy; and on the other, a promising boy, rested all that parental fondness, which should have been divided among a more numerous family. His father designed him for mercantile employment; and accordingly gave him an early education at one of the northern colleges, and placed him, at the age of seventeen, at an eminent counting-house in Philadelphia, under the care of a gentleman who had formerly been his partner in business.

Such was the family of Mr Drey three years since. My friend now rests in his kindred earth: his amiable wife tenants the clay by his side: while their son—their only darling child—the child of many prayers—in whom centered all the fond hopes and expectations which the parental bosom alone can feel—his son is a wanderer in foreign climes, friendless and destitute, and tortured by the gnawings of that worm which never dies!

This short characteristic sketch is due to the memory of my friends—My readers will pardon it; and listen now to the tale I have promised them.

In the autumn of 1802, I received intelligence that Mr Drey was dangerously ill. Wishing to see him with as

little delay as possible, I took a seat in the stage, as offering the most certain method of travelling with dispatch. The first day of my journey, I travelled quite alone. The stage reached New-Haven about midnight; and after a few hours repose, I was summoned again to the carriage to prosecute my journey toward Boston. It was yet dark; and as I entered the coach, I was surprized to see a lady, unattended, occupying the back seat. By the light of the waiter's lanthorn, I perceived that she was young and beautiful, but deeply dejected and apparently in ill health. She carried in her arms an infant, which appeared but a few weeks old. The driver mounted his box—his customary enquiry, "All in?" was answered by a hoarse "Yes!" from the door, and my surprize received little abatement, when I found myself on my road, with no other travelling companion than a woman, who appeared, at best, friendless, unprotected, and unknown.

The morning was cold and rainy. Drowsy through fatigue and want of rest, I drew my comfortable woollen cloak about my shoulders, and pulling my hat over my eyes, placed myself on the opposite end of the seat occupied by my fellow traveller. Here I fell into a sort of half slumber; from which, however, I was soon roused by a complaining cry from the infant which the lady held in her arms. "Hush! poor little outcast!" cried she, in a voice of mournful tenderness; "hush, my poor babe! you have no claim to attention—the world has no pity for you—Oh! it is a cruel world!" She clasped the suffering little one to her bosom, and sobbed over it in anguish. Here was an appeal to my feelings, too powerful for me to disregard. "Young woman!" cried I, starting up, and seating myself close by her side, "you need protection—Trust an old man—I can have no interest in deceiving you." Surprized and affected at this, she shrunk from me, and attempted in vain to return an answer. Her emotions choked her utterance; and dropping her head despondingly on her bosom, she wept in all the bitterness of unfeigned sorrow. At length in a weak and tremulous voice, she said, "I hope I do not disturb you—I have long been a stranger to the voice of kindness—my heart was full—and complaint, even to my unconscious babe, seemed a sort of relief."

"Tell me—how far have you travelled in this unprotected situation?"

"From Philadelphia, Sir."

"Painful!—and you go farther still?"

"To Boston."

"You have friends, at your journey's end, to receive you?"

"None, Sir—I can hope for no friendship but that of Heaven; and the world will tell you I have forfeited even that. For myself, I would suffer in silence—I deserve to suffer: but my child!—my poor babe! Oh, Sir, my innocent little one has a better claim to compassion!"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her words. Deeply affected by her distress, I replied, "You are the daughter of misfortune, and shall therefore be my sister—We are all the children of guilt—and if you have erred more than others, you must have suffered more. I offer you my assistance, and claim your reliance on my offer: I will protect you." "I thank you," she replied, with the emphasis of unfeigned gratitude, "but Heaven must reward you: I will accept your offer, and forget, if possible, that I am among strangers."

[To be Continued.]

HOME.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Almorne was not of the common class of mankind; nature had been liberal to her of gifts, and had particularly distinguished her by a force of mind, which, uniting with other rare qualities, raised her to a high degree of human excellence. She thought and acted in a manner peculiar to herself; but though her conduct was singular, and her sentiments often avowedly at variance with common opinions, yet her actions so uniformly tended to the good of society, that she was always respected, and often extremely beloved.

She was a widow of fifty-one years of age, and had been the mother of four children, who died soon after she lost her husband. He had been dead ten years, and had left a landed property of three thousand per annum, the third part of which he settled upon her during the life of her children; but, in the event of their deaths, she succeeded to the enjoyment of the whole for her life.

She was not supposed to hoard any part of this income, though a very small portion of it was employed in domestic or personal expenses. Her establishment was that of a person of moderate fortune, and she superintended all her affairs herself, and regulated her expenses with the strictest economy; yet her servants and dependents were treated with much consideration, often with the greatest generosity; but so perfectly was her liberality to them guided by their merit, that her bounty was often less gratifying as a pecuniary advantage, than as a testimony of approbation.

The strict economy she practised would, in many, have had the appearance of parsimony, but in her it was virtue; it was justice, considering the means; it was benevolence, reserving to itself the power of doing good. She was the friend of the good and the unfortunate; to the poor she was liberal, but her philanthropy was displayed in deeds

of a more exalted nature than simple charity; in acts of the noblest kind, the effusions of a heart glowing with the love of virtue.

Such was the visitor whom their good fortune brought so opportunely for the relief of Sir John and Lady Ornaville.

Mrs. Almorne's husband was first cousin to Sir John, and had always lived with him in the greatest friendship; she entertained for him the same esteem that her husband had done, and was led by her regard for him and his family, to fix her residence at Delvin Lodge in Kent, about five miles from Ornaville Abbey; but her principal inducement to this was her attachment to Constantia, the youngest of the family. Miss Ornaville was formed to engage the affection of Mrs. Almorne, whom she loved and admired with enthusiasm; while Mrs. Almorne cherished her affection, and watched over her interests with the solicitude of a guardian angel.

Upon Mr. Ornaville's requesting her to employ her influence with his sister, in favour of Lord Woodford, she readily consented to suggest every thing to her consideration that could be fairly urged in his favour; and she did so the more willingly from the belief that her interference might be useful to Miss Ornaville, should she disappoint the wishes of her brother. With this view, she came early to Ornaville on the day she had appointed to meet him there, and finding a favourable opportunity of informing Sir John and Lady Ornaville, in the presence of Constantia, of the purpose of her visit, she did so, in the hope of hearing Sir John express himself in a manner that might at once encourage his daughter to act as she thought right, and repress the desire of Lady Ornaville to support the interest of Lord Woodford too keenly.

Sir John and Lady Ornaville married from affection, when he was a younger brother, and a barrister at law. A few years after their marriage, he succeeded to his title and estate, by the death of his only brother, and it then became his wish to reside constantly at Ornaville. London he had known chiefly as the scene of his professional labours, which were not agreeable to him; and as he was passionately fond of the country, he wished to devote himself entirely to a country life. By him, happiness was only to be found in the peaceful enjoyments of his fire-side, with his family around him; which, with select society, reading, rural occupations, and the exercise of benevolence, comprehended the whole of his enjoyments.

Unfortunately, Lady Ornaville was very different from her husband. She was the daughter of a younger son of a noble and very ancient family, and, before her marriage, had regularly passed one half of the year in town, and been accustomed to all its amusements. Her disposition was amiable, and she was not deficient in natural parts; but with a mind uncultivated and a very gay temper, the power of habit prevailed over the love of domestic comfort, and on her husband's accession of fortune, she was as eager to engage in the gay scenes of London, as he was desirous to remove from them.

For some time they vainly endeavoured to effect a change in each other's sentiments. She remonstrated against the dulness of the country, and importuned him to carry her to town; he reasoned against the dissipation of

London, and expatiated on the advantages of retirement; she listened without being convinced, and took the first opportunity to renew her solicitations; he was too amiable to oppose her strongly, and was glad to get rid of her importunities by compliance.

Worn out at length by a contest by which they were both sufferers, and thinking it unjust that her inclination should be disregarded in their plan of life, Sir John proposed a compromise. He consented that she should bring as many visitors as she pleased to Ornaville, on condition that she should relinquish entirely her excursions to town, and she gladly acceded to a proposal which promised so agreeable a termination of their disputes.—Surrounded by company at Ornaville, she could forget the amusements of the capital; and that she might have no leisure to remember them, she no sooner found herself the uncontrolled mistress of her house, than she increased her intercourse with her friends, enlarged the circle of her acquaintance, and did every thing in her power to render Ornaville Abbey an agreeable place of resort. Her endeavours were but too successful, and she soon found herself in a daily concourse of visitors.

This was unforeseen by Sir John, who, in proposing their new mode of life, did not sufficiently consider the situation of his house, and imagined that her visitors would be confined to the circle of her country neighbours; but the vicinity of Ornaville to Ramsgate, from which it was only five miles distant, brought numbers to the Abbey, of whom Sir John had entertained no apprehension. Encouraged by Lady Ornaville, many of her town-acquaintances chose Ramsgate for their summer-residence, nor was London at such a distance as to prevent their coming at other times to the Abbey, where they were secure of finding an agreeable retreat.

[To be Continued.]

SONG.

When night, and left upon my guard,
Nor whisp'ring breeze, nor leaf is heard,
And stars between close branches peep,
And birds are hush'd in downy sleep,
My soul to softest thoughts resign'd,
And lovely Mary, fills my mind.
At every noise, for bluff "Who's there!"
I gently breathe, "Is't thou, my fair?"
Thy dying soldier haste and see,
Oh come sweet Mary, come to me."
As on my post through blaze of day,
The wretched, happy, sad and gay
In quick succession move along,
I see nor hear the passing throng;
My soul so wrapt in Mary's charms,
I hug my musket in my arms.
So all of passion, joy and grief,
When comrades bring the glad relief,
I cry the soldier, haste and see,
O come, sweet Mary, come to me!

—
Although Bonaparte's government is not of the representative kind, no man can take more pains to cajole the Electors.

TO BOB AT'EM.

SIR,

I do not mean, by thus noticing you, to enter into a controversy; far from it, I assure you. My object is to give you a *gentle hint* concerning your very sublime and decent answer to Jacobus, in last Saturday's Repository. I should presume, sir, that when you had expatiated on so chaste and modest a subject as a female affords, your language would at least be couched in such terms as to prevent offending any one. The truly sapient Jacobus's request was as silly as your answer was *vulgar*. Have we, sir, attained with celebrity, the year 1806, to be informed by one of the 'mushroom literati,' of the *Catalogue* of parts appertaining to the human frame, and in language so decorous and modest? and have you the vanity to suppose, that any one has profited by your very instructive communication?—But harkee, sir, take my advice, and when you again write endeavour, if possible, to ameliorate your stile, or at least to reform it altogether.

Your humble servant,

TOM TICKLE.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE MELANGE.

By William Various, & Co.

"Vive la bagatelle."

We transplant the following flower from the British 'Ladies' Monthly Museum,' for the perusal of our own amiable readers; though not with an opinion, that it displays energy of intellect in the author, or excellent purity of versification in the composition, but because it is evincive of that sweet simplicity of sentiment to which we are certain, the lovely fair of America bear no small partiality. To the present season it comes peculiarly applicable; and if our country be compelled to seize the dire resort of war, to rescue her name and honour from ignominy, we shall hear many similar complaints, in substance, effusing from the distresses of impoverished orphans.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR BOY.

Indeed I am a very poor boy,
And I think that my heart will soon break,
With hunger I'm ready to cry,
And the bitter cold wind makes me shake.

Oh! let me your bounty receive;
It will not be bestowed on a cheat,
Ah, how would my poor father grieve,
Did he know that I begg'd in the street.

To fight for his country he's gone,
And knows not that mother is dead;
That an outcast is poor little John,
Who has no where to shelter his head.

That he's lost both his mother and home,
And dying with hunger and grief:
He is forc'd the long winter to roam,
Oft begging in vain for relief.

Then, Lady, your bounty bestow;
Cheer the heart of a poor little boy,
Whose father is fighting the foe
That would gladly your comforts destroy.

A trifle then grant to my pray'r,
And soon from your sight I'll be gone;
From hunger, and bitter despair
It will rescue the poor little John.

A young lady remarking, in company, that Fame, in her opinion, had been entirely superceded by love, & the latter was now become the universal passion; was answered by a pertinent dealer in witticisms, 'that he verily believed it, for even his sister's lap-dog and his own monkey had come under the infecting influence, and were inseparably connected by the golden chains of Cupid.'

Two profoundly learned controvertists in Religion, being anxious to plumb each other's knowledge in the Scriptures, went about it by one asking the other, in a very quick voice, 'Who swallowed the Whale?' 'Jonah,' replied his opponent, in as swift a manner.

Were there but one solitary, sable taste among mankind, what would become of the anecdotists and the punsters? There are some men so squeamishly decorous, that the bare view of a *sordid* anecdote operates on their fastidious intellects, like the eruptions of Vesuvius on the poor, unsuspecting inhabitants of Calabria.

The motives which actuate some men are inscrutable; nature seems to have guarded their hearts by the most impregnable barriers of obscurity, while a perverted education has conduced to enforce them. We may, indeed, sometimes, scrutinize their principles of action, by the effects they produce, but this is a very illusory criterion, and one on which no stable dependence can be placed.

We are informed that Sterne was of an amazingly placable disposition, and could conciliate his mind to the most inanimate and *stupid* objects in existence. Oh, that he were resuscitated into life, to peruse the mendicant pages of the 'Theatrical Censor.'

A man of erudition must perceive the identity of letters which are employed, in various languages, to express various ideas. For instance, in vernacular tongues, *p, a, i, n* in English, signify grief or sorrow, while in French they are used for the staff of life, bread.

Philadelphians are represented, by travellers, as having an extraordinary propensity to that sonorous branch of civility and refinement, called Musick, and the representation bears strong marks of verity; for who is it that does not recollect to have had his auricular nerves poisoned by the 'soothing' notes of our street warblers, during the whole course of last summer.

A party in a box at the theatre, a few evenings since, perceiving a coxcomb endeavouring to intrude, observed to him that there was no room—'Oh, I will make a shift,' replied he. I think, observed one gentleman, eyeing his ragged ruffe, you had better make a *shirt*.

A Spanish poet, in speaking of the *black eyes* of a lady, says, they were *mourning* for the murders they had committed. An English poet, speaking of the *blood-shot eye* of his mistress, accounts for it nearly in the same manner.

Oh let it be said thine eye is all red,
No longer, dear Harriet, be moody;
For since so many die by the stroke of that eye,
What wonder the weapon is *bloody*.

Sir John Harrington used to say—The clattering of armour; the noise of great ordinance; the sound of trumpet and drumme; the neying of horses, do not so much trouble the sweet muses, as doth the barbling of lawyers, or the patering of attorneys.

A-fashionable Lady's instructions to her chambermaid. 'Lay my *head* on the top of the drawers. Put my *bottom* on the chair, and the *hips* by it. Take care of my *bosom*, and do not *ruffle* it. Lay this *eye* in my dressing-box; and take my *left shoulder*, and put it under my *head*.

A Scottish parson, in his prayer said, Laird bless the grand council the parliament, and grant they may hang together. A country fellow standing by, replied, 'Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better, and I'm sure it is the prayer of all good Christians.'—'But I don't mean as that fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord.' No matter what cord, replied the other, so it is a *strong cord*.

Two persons distinguished by their excrescences on their backs, having accidentally come together in a public company, one of them turning round, and rubbing his back against the other's, exclaimed with great humour, 'Who, in future, will dare to say, that *mountains* never meet?'

THE DRAMA.

EXPERIENCE has proved, from a remote age of antiquity, that no profession has more ambitious votaries, and fewer who never succeed in it, than the stage. It has been universally acknowledged, that there are many requisites necessary to form a player; and those essential requisites being so rarely found, has compelled the world to confess, that none but such as are born with talents, peculiarly adapted thereto. There are many which may be acquired by study and practice, but in being deficient in judgment, stifles or perverts (in the performance of a character) the author's meaning. These considerations should discourage or prevent many of those who, prompted by a false meteor of ambition, conceive a propensity for the stage; but such is the perverseness of nature, that which should damp or check the rising ardour, serves only to inflame their desires, and the difficulty of attainment, with ambitious minds, tends only to enhance the value of the object pursued. Its influence is felt by the thoughtless in all places, who, despising the common occupations of life, betake themselves to this, which seems so *plausibly* to promise them at least a competency of pleasure: but once launched into it, unsupported by some powerful interest, and by abilities equally powerful, the charm which held them is dissolved. Thus it is with many persons on our stage, who, having but a superficial judgment of the character, and, in many respects, incompetent abilities, are continually exposed to the derision of the censorious, 'the pity of the benevolent, and the disapprobation of all.'

The Stage is held forth as the 'imitation of life, the mirror of manners, and the representation of truth,'—if so, how unjust and equally censurable is the conduct of those, who attempt to 'hold the mirror up to nature' with a *feeble* hand, and casts a dark shade on those scenes which require the dazzling light of perfection. It is illiberal to condemn a system which furnishes, at the same time, an inexhaustible fund of instruction, amusement, and delight, (when we perceive a chaste representation of nature,) but when the 'modesty of it is derided,' in the performance of a character, we see but to condemn; and this condemnation arises from a wish that it may occasion a radical reform. These *trifles* being noticed, often occasions a petulancy in the actor, (whose umbrage being caused,) he refuses to reform his stile of either speech or action, and thus degenerates into a mass of imperfections.

January 11, 1806.

It being announced to the public, that the illustrious MOREAU and his amiable Lady, would visit the theatre last evening, to view the representation of Morton's *Way to get Married*, an audience more than ordinarily respectable were induced to attend the performances; many, no doubt, solely for the purpose of regarding, with attention, a personage whose private virtues and military magnanimity and achievements have earned for him a brilliant reputation among those who admire the genius and accomplishments of an injured man, and who espise most cordially the sanguinary disposition of his vindictive persecutor.

The respective performers acquitted themselves as customary—some perfectly to the satisfaction of the audience, and some only to our dull acquiescence. Mr Wood and *Tangent* are intimate friends, and are familiarly adapted to each other; Mr Wood's talents are peculiarly shrped for this and similar characters; and we desire not to see him deviate from an orbit wherein he can and does excel.

Jefferson should preserve the *pitch* of his characters, and not mangle them with unmerciful severity, because they are represented by the author as despicable, vicious, or depraved persons. He might have personated *Dashall* admirably, but he appeared unwilling to be lax in his exertions to please the gallery; and we must declare that his *emphasis* has been rather vitiated by the 'Censor,' (if his *caustic remarks* have effected the alteration.) than otherwise. We were satisfied to the utmost of our expectations with his *Jeronymo* in the after-piece.

Mr Warren's blemishes are imperceptible; and Mrs Wignell's *Julia Faulkner* was remote from being exceptionable. Mr Francis has acquired a consummate knowledge of the art of *stuttering*, and he has our felicitations therefor; but he certainly gives more frequent exercise to it than there is absolute occasion. This is the only fault to be preferred against our comic friend.

Mr M'Kenzie receives our propitious acknowledgments for the unwearied pains which he takes to make us perfectly content with the manner in which he executes the characters he assumes. No discerning man discovered the least remissness in Mr M'Kenzie's conduct in the character of Captain Faulkner; he accomplished a removal of the various difficulties of the passions, incumbent on that character, to our peculiar satisfaction; and though many sarcaistical remarks have been cast on his

accentuation, we conceive him to be as strictly accurate therein as most of our performers. His pronunciation may still convey, to the over-delicate ear, a trivial harshness of the dialect of his native country. A due regard to the dictates of brevity, prevents us from entering into a minute recital of the parts wherein he excelled.

We are happy to have noticed, that Mrs Cunningham does not undertake characters that surpass her abilities. As to that essence of comicalness and risibility, Blissett, he transcends the utmost endeavour of commendation. Mrs Francis rendered us satisfaction in *Clementina*.

The Hunter of the Alps having had frequent accounts given of it, and of the several characters as they were portioned last evening—it is unnecessary to say more; we believe it has claimed a just approbation.

Wednesday, Jan. 16.

This evening *Mary, Queen of Scotts*, was performed. This tragedy, founded on events of the sixteenth century, was in the year 1789 written by Mr St. John. The misfortunes of that unhappy Queen are pathetically described, and in language which will ever reflect credit on the author. It may, with truth, be asserted, that the observation of Shakspeare is fully verified, for 'future ages *doth* read, with detestation, the misdeeds of many annointed monarchs.' Queen Elizabeth has been represented as the harbinger of truth and justice. Her valour and wisdom was never questioned; but regarding the fate of the injured Queen of Scotland, and the inflexible rigor of Elizabeth, we turn away with indignation at the odious review, and treacherous consistency of her conduct.

The characters of the piece were judiciously cast. Mr Wood's Duke of Norfolk was feelingly represented. If Mr W. would attend to those words which require a *forcible* accent, his performance would greatly improve; he was peculiarly interesting in his last scene.

Mrs Wignell personated *Mary* with that dignity and resignation suited to her unfortunate situation. We would recommend it to every individual of the theatre to notice minutely, and endeavour to imitate the correct pronunciation of Mrs Wignell, which, upon the most particular circumspection, has never been found erroneous. It is also but justice to acknowledge the great support which the character of Elizabeth received from Mrs Melmoth's performance. The residue of the characters, in their different stations, were well supported, except Mr. Taylor's *Huntington*, which was attended with the most uncouth and ridiculous actions we ever witnessed.

Friday, January 17.

The pantomime of Cinderella was repeated for the sixth time, and was at each attended with considerable improvements in the action, scenery, and machinery. It was succeeded by an interlude, called 'Dr Last's examination before the college of physicians;' and we think, without flattery to its author, a more incongruous mass of ribaldry and nonsense never flowed from the pen of a dramatic writer. We presume the author must either be a son of *St. Crispin*, or a blind votary of *Æsculapius*, as the whole is intended to cast a ridiculous light on a respectable profession. We were happy that the conclusion gave place to the 'Follies of a Day, or the Marriage of Figaro,' a comedy in three acts, translated from the French of Beaumacharis; a respectable writer, and competitor of Moliere. A few passages in the original are marked with obscenity, which the translation has obliterated. It was first acted in a private theatre, where the late Queen of France personated the character of Susan, with no small degree of approbation, being probably congenial to her own. In the performance it suffered by curtailment. Mrs Wood played the page handsomely, but omitted an appropriate song. Mrs Jefferson, as the Countess, did not betray that agitation which her situation required, when the Count suspected that *diabolical page* to be concealed in her chamber. Mr Jefferson was very happy in Figaro, where *plots* and *counter-plots* were requisite, he performed with much animation. Mrs Wignell's talents appeared to great advantage in *Susan*, where so much vivacity and life are necessary. Mr Wood and Count Amalviva are nearly connected to—
'hold the mirror up to nature.' P.

The following Address was written for delivery by Miss Mudie, at the Liverpool Theatre, when the Russian Ambassador was present; Miss Mudie is the 'Female Phenomenon' of the British Stage.

Tell me, ye Critics, may I not attempt,
With infant steps, the dangerous ascent
That every actor labours to attain,
And seek some place in Fame's replendent fane?
Will not my youth, my sex, then plead my cause—
Must I be judg'd by your severest laws?
Cannot the bold attempt be e'er forgiven,
Because my years are only seven—
If while I tread this sacred, hallowed ground,
I feel my little heart with transport bound,
Must I be check'd by censure's breath so cold,
Because my frame is yet in infant mould?

Forbid it justice—Ne'er let it be said
Your criticism attack'd a simple maid,
Whose crime is, that she's us'd her utmost power
With scenic art, to chase each tedious hour.
To grace this night, see Russia's son appear
With kindest smiles my drooping heart to cheer,
Sent by a godlike emperor, he brings,
Like heaven's bright seraph, 'healing on his wings.'
Like heaven he bids the rage of slaughter cease,
To bless the jarring nations round with peace;
Oh! let my words, my grateful homage pay,
And every thought, that labours here, convey—
It will not be—it would but wrong my heart,
Could words its grateful feelings e'er impart;
Feelings like these, can never be express!
Then let expressive silence speak the rest—
Yet one word more—'tis but to bid adieu!
'A long, a last farewell,' to you, and you.
An infant's pray'r is surely heard in heaven;
Mine is—may every bliss to you be given.

Mr Pitt's old tin canisters, which formerly contained the securities of the German subsidised princes, are now preparing for their original use. His house-keeper has, for some time past, made them the *depot* of her gunpowder tea. [Lon. paper.]

Some difficulty is likely to arise upon the trial of the tailors, who kicked up the row at the Hay-Market theatre, as they mean to object to a jury of London merchants, and insist upon being tried by their *peers*. [ib.]

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Editor* acknowledges the receipt of 'M's polite note, for which he begs leave to return his thanks. He would observe to 'M,' that it was owing to the repeated wishes of many city and country subscribers that he thus weekly notices the Drama. He would also suggest to him the propriety of still continuing that notice, as Criticisms on theatrical representations should be the *voluntary* efforts of circumspection, and not that which arises from *pecuniary* gratification, as it is the acknowledged situation of the *Censor*, who depends upon the publication of so many weekly pages of Criticism for *support*; and who either notices the performances in gross terms of *adulation* of one party, or tramples under foot, without respect to the *naked* goddess, the other.

A Letter from 'Jacobus,' is unavoidably postponed. It shall appear in our next number.

Our friends will please to accept an apology for the late appearance of this number of the Repository.

'Leander' is too incorrect for publication.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MARY.

Whence springs that tear from Mary's eye,
And steals along her cheek,
Why comes that breath with fervent sigh,
And makes the maiden weep?

Has some rude tongue her name assail'd
With wantonness and guile?
Or has her lover ever fail'd
To wish her wear a smile?

Alas! the briny water tells
A secret long confin'd—
A breast where anguish, sporting, dwells,
With passions all refin'd.

Can this be true, that her I love,
Approves my ardent flame!—
Accept my prayers, oh God above,
And bless the virgin's name.

Then stay your tears, my charmer stay,
For joy shall still be thine,
Your lips shall soon with fervour say
'The long lost youth is mine.'

He flies to fold thee to his heart,
And taste connubial bliss;
He comes to say 'we'll never part,'
I seal it with a kiss.

MILETUS.

Mr Slender,

The following being the poetical effusion of a young gentleman now in this city, by giving them a corner in your paper, you will oblige your friend and servant,

WHET-TAM.

Advertisement for a Wife.

I want a healthy, handsome wife,
To be the comfort of my life;
And as I'm free from all disease,
And have some chink, we'll live at ease.

Then come the maid, where'er she will,
We'll make a contract, try our skill,
To live as happy and as well
As any clam beneath its shell.

This tender maid must be as kind
As any quaker well inclin'd,
And in her temper be as mild
As any girl that is not spoil'd.

Three things this maid must know full well,
(If girls will learn, I'll freely tell.)
There's one for comfort, one for use,
To dress herself, a babe, and goose.

With spider webs she must not dress,
Nor let a nurse her baby press,
Instead of novel's Glass's* book,
Or from her mother learn to cook.

These will make the happy life
Full of comfort, free from strife,
Killing time with household cares,
Ne'er minding but our own affairs.

* Mrs Glass on Cookery.

REMOVED

J RIDDLE's Book-bindery, and Circulating Library, (Shakspeare's head,) from No. 74, south Eighth-street, to No. 96, corner of Third and Chesnut streets, (Shaw's buildings,) where all kinds of EXTRA Book-binding, executed after the late London style, will be carried on as usual.

To the patronizers of his Circulating Library,

J. Riddle returns his most grateful acknowledgments for their past favours, and respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage.

The subscriber has also opened a Reading-Room for the reception of gentlemen who may honour him with their company. The Room is very convenient, and furnished with seats, writing-tables, ink, pens, paper, &c. Several of the best daily papers, published in this city, and the neighbouring states, together with the best American and British periodical publications, and six or eight of the newest novels and plays will be added to the property of the Reading-Room as soon as they are published.

The advantages attending the establishment of a public Reading-Room, are too obvious to every liberal mind to require any comment in their favour. From humble beginnings the most useful institutions have arisen; and the proprietor confidently hopes, that his unremitting and unwearied exertions to merit public patronage will be crowned with success.

Terms of the Reading-Room.

Daily Reading,	25 Cents
Single Reading, (or half day,)	12 1-2
Single Play	6
Newspapers, from 3 to	12 1-2

Open from 8 in the morning to 9 in the evening. The books and papers are to be carefully used, and on no account to be taken from the Reading-Room.

Dec. 14, 1805.

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